

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, o bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steales,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and filly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasond for his passage?
No.
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game a siuearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't.

Then

Prince of Denmarke.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrayd and Polonius.

Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.
Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.
Ger. Why how now Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Ger. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.
Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.
Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Pol. O I am slaine.
Ger. O me, what hast thou done?
Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

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Ger.